teries grew silent, so did his. And then came forth that famous scene which made the battle of Gettysburg more dramatic than any other event of the Civil War, and which more nearly approached the conception of what a battle is in the imagination of persons w;ho have never seen one, I will describe only what we observed of it from the crest of Cemetery Hill. From a screen of woods opposite our left center emerged a long line of Confederate infantry, mounted officers in front and behind; and then another, and another—about 15,000 men. The alignment was perfect. The battle-flags fluttered gaily over the bayonets glittering in the sunlight. The spectacle has often been truly likened to a grand holiday parade on a festive ground. A mile of open field separated them from our line of defense. They had hardly traversed one-tenth of that distance when they became fully aware that those of them who had counted upon our artillery having been much disabled* had grievously deceived themselves. No sooner had the attacking column appeared on the open than our batteries, which had in the meantime been re-formed and well supplied with ammunition, opened upon them from the front and from the right and left, with a terrific fire. Through our field-glasses we could distinctly see the gaps torn in their ranks, and the ground dotted with dark spots—their dead and wounded. Now 'and then a cheer went up from our lines when our men observed

some of our shells striking right'among the advancing enemy and scattering death and destruction around. But the brave rebels promptly filled the gaps from behind or by closing up on their colors,*and unshaken and unhesitatingly they continued their onward march. Then the Confederate artillery behind them, firing over their heads, tried to silence our batteries or at least to attract their fire so as to divert it from the infantry masses advancing in the open field. But in vain. Ouy cannon